SOME NEW BOOKS.

A Treasure House of Anecdotes.

We are indebted to Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL for a most entertaining contribution to the anecdotal literature, of which we have had so many examples in the last quarter of a century. We refer to the book which he has aptly called *Collections and Recollections* by One Who Has Kept a Diary (Harpers). The author does not confine himself to what he has personally seen or heard; had he done so, the volume must have been much smaller, for he is, comparatively, a young man, having been sent to Harrow as lately as 1867. The title exactly describes the contents of the book, which consist partly, indeed, of incidents which he himself remembers to have witnessed, but partly also of traditions and anecdotes which he has collected from older people. Some of these persons are designated in a chapter which bears the caption of "Links with the Past." It is noteworthy how many octogenarians, nonogenarians and even centenarians Mr. Russell has known. Among his acquaintances, for instance, is a lady, who still lives, in full possession of her faculties, and who can say that her husband was born in Boston when America was a British dependency. This is the widow of Lord Lyndhurst, who was born in 1772, and helped to defeat Mr. Gladstone's Paper bill on his eighty-eighth birthday. A conspicuous figure in the author's recollections was Sir Henry Holland, M. D., who was born in 1788. Mr. Russell can remember Sir Henry's telling him in 1868 that his first famous patient was the mysterious "Pamela," who had been the wife of the Irish patriot, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Another survivor of the last century, William, fifth Earl Bathurst, who was born in 1791 and died in 1878, related that he was at a private school with William and John Russell, the latter of whom became the author of the Reform bill, and Prime Minister. At this seminary the peers' sons had a bench to themselves. George Thomas, sixth Earl of Albemarle, who was born in 1799 and died in 1891, shared with his old comrade, Sir Thomas Whichcote, who outlived him by a few months, the honor of being the last survivor of Waterloo. The fact is recalled that, in 1887, Mrs. Anne Penelope Hoare died at her family house, in St. James's square. She could remember being at a children's party when the lady of the house came in and stopped the dancing because news had come that the King of France had been put to death. She must, therefore, have been quite or nearly a hundred years old. Another lady who must have been about a hundred unless she was born when her father was upward of 60 years of age was Mrs. Thomson Hankey, who died in 1888 Her father, a Mr. Alexander, was born in 1729, and she had inherited from him traditions of London as it appeared to a young Scotchman in the year of the decapitation of the rebels after the rising of 1745. Lady Louisa Stewart, sister and heir of the last Earl of Traquair, lived to be a hundred, and died in 1876. Sir Moses Montefiore was born in 1784 and died in 1885. The disheartening fact for teetotalers is mentioned that he had drunk a bottle of port every day since he grew up. He had dined with Lord Nelson on board his ship, and vividly remembered what seemed to him the transcendent beauty of Lady Hamilton. On the last occasion when Sir Moses appeared in public he was conveyed to a garden party at Marlborough House in a magnificent sedan chair. A still more remarkable case of longevity known to Mr. Russell was that of Capt. Francis Maude, R. N. He was born in 1778 and died in 1886. He used to say: "My grandfather was twelve years old when Charles II. died." And this seems to have been true, for Sir Robert Maude was born in 1673; his son, the first Lord Hawarden, was born in 1729, and Capt. Francis Maude was Lord Hawarden's youngest son. The same year, 1886, witnessed the disappearance of a woman who must also have been a centenarian. We refer to Mrs. Hodgson, the mother of the well-known partners in Baring's house, who, when a schoolgirl in Paris, had seen Robespierre executed, and distinctly recalled the appearance of his bandaged face.

I.

It was from these and other old people that the author of this book derived some vivid impressions of the moral and material condition of England at the time when the old order was yielding place to the new, and modern society was emerging from the birth throes of the French revolution. All the testimony thus collected seems to point to the fact that toward the close of the last century religion was almost extinct in the highest and lowest classes of English society. The poor were sunk in ignorance and barbarism, and the aristocracy was honeycombed by profligacy. Morality, discarded alike by high and low, took refuge in the great middle class, then, as now, largely influenced by evangelical dissent. A dissolute heir apparent presided over the social system, in which not merely religion but decency was habitually disregarded. Touching this point, our author makes some extracts from an unpublished diary of Lord Robert Seymour (son of the first Marquis of Hertford), who was born in 1748 and died in 1831. Among the incidents noted by this man of fashion under the date of 1788 is the following: "The Prince of Wales declares there is not an honest woman in London, excepting Lady Parker and Lady Westmoreland, and those are so stupid he can make nothing of them; they are scarcely fit to blow their own noses." The diarist also sets down the fact that "at Mrs. Vaneck's assembly last week the Prince of Wales measured the breadth of Mrs. V. behind with his handkerchief and showed the measurement to most of the company." Again: "The Prince of Wales called on Miss Vaneck last week with two of his equerries. On coming into the room he exclaimed, 'I must do it, I must do it.' Miss V. asked him what it was that he was obliged to do, whereupon he winked at St. Leger and the other accomplice, who laid Miss V. on the floor, and the Prince positively whipped her. The occasion of this extraordinary behavior was a bet which I suppose he had made in one of his mad fits. The next day, however, he wrote her a penitential letter, and she now receives him on the same footing as ever." The following is an account of a practical joke which it was thought decorous to play on a young lady: "The Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitz Herbert, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and Miss Pigott, Mrs. F.'s companion, went to Windsor during the absence of the royal family. Going to see a cold bath Miss P. expressed a great wish to bathe this hot weather. The Duke of Cumberland very imprudently pushed her in, and the Duchess of C., having the presence of mind to throw out a rope, saved her when in such a disagreeable state from fear and surprise as to be near sinking. Mrs. F. went into convulsion fits and the Duchess fainted away, and the scene proved ridiculous in the extreme, as report says the Duke called out to Miss P. that he was instantly coming to her in the water, and continued undressing himself. Poor Miss P.'s clothes entirely laid upon the water, and made her appear an awkward figure. They afterward pushed in one of the Prince's attendants."

Cheating at cards and dice was not uncommon in high life at the close of the last century. The author tells us that a kinsman of his own, the fifth Duke of Bedford, one night at Newmarket lost a colossal sum at hazard, and, jumping up in a passion, swore that the dice were loaded, put them in his pocket, and went to bed. Next morning he examined the dice in the presence of his boon companions, found that they were not loaded, and had to apologize and pay. Some years afterward one of the party was lying on his deathbed and he sent for the Duke. "I have sent for you to tell you that you were right. The dice *were* loaded. We waited till you were asleep, went to your bedroom, pulled them out of your waistcoat pocket, replaced them with unloaded dice, and retired." "But suppose I had woke and caught you doing it?" "Well, we were desperate men—*and we had pistols.*" We are assured that anecdotes of the same type might be endlessly multiplied to prove that the closing years of the last century witnessed the lowest point to which English virtue had declined.

II.

Of the Anglican Church at the time, the characteristic feature was worldliness. The professors of a more spiritual or more aggressive religion were at once disliked and despised. When Lady Louisa Lennox was engaged to a conspicuous Evangelical and Liberal, Mr. Tighe of Woodstock, her mother, the Duchess of Richmond, said: "Poor Louisa is going to make a shocking marriage, a man called Tiggy, my dear, a Saint and a Radical." When Lord Melbourne had accidently found himself the unwilling hearer of a rousing evangelical sermon about sin and its consequences, he exclaimed in much disgust as he left the church: "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life." In the last half of the last century the privileges of rank were held to pertain to spiritual as well as to temporal concerns. When Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, asked the Duchess of Buckingham to accompany her to a sermon by Whitefield, the Duchess replied that the doctrines of the Methodist preachers were most repulsive, and strongly tinged with impertinence and disrespect toward their superiors. "It is monstrous to be told," she wrote, "that you have a heart as simple as the common wretches that crawl on the earth; and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." A venerable canon of Windsor, who was a younger son of a great family, told the author of this book that his old nurse, when she was putting him and his little brothers to bed, used to say: "If you're very good little boys, and go to bed without giving trouble, you needn't say your prayers to-night." This recalls the fact, cited by Arthur Young, that a daughter of the first Lord Carrington said to a visitor: "My papa used to have prayers in his family; but none since he has been a peer." When the late Lord Mount Temple was a youth he wished to take holy orders. The project so horrified his parents that, after holding a family council, they plunged him into fashionable society, in the hope of distracting his mind from religion, and accomplished their end by making him join the Blues. The quiet worldliness which characterized the English Church as a whole was unpleasantly varied here and there by instances of grave and monstrous scandal. Even bare morality was not observed. In solitary places clerical drunkenness was common. On Saturday afternoon the parson would return from the nearest town "market merry." He consorted freely with the farmers, shared their habits, and spoke their language. The author tells us that he has known a lady to whom a country clergyman said, pointing to the darkened windows where a corpse lay awaiting burial, "There's a stiff 'un in that house." He has also known a country gentleman in Shropshire who had seen his own vicar drop the chalice at the holy communion because he was too drunk to hold it. Mr. Russell adds: "I know a corner of Bedfordshire where, within the recollection of persons living thirty years ago, three clerical neighbors used to meet for dinner at one another's parsonages in turn. One winter afternoon a corpse was brought for burial to the village church. The vicar of the place came from his dinner so drunk that he could not read the service, although his sister supported him with one hand and held a lantern with the other. He retired beaten, and both his guests made the same attempt with no better success. So the corpse was left in the church and the vicar buried it next day when he had recovered from his debauch." Of course such frightful scandals were relieved in other places by splendid instances of piety and self-devotion. The bishops, however, of that day were opposed to enthusiasm, and innovating clergymen of the evangelical type found it very difficult to make their way. The circumstances which then governed the selection of a bishop were not a little singular. Perhaps he would be chosen because he was a sprig of good family, like Archbishop Cornwallis, whose sole qualification for the clerical office was that when an undergraduate he had suffered from a stroke of palsy, which partially crippled him, but "did not prevent him, however, from holding a hand at cards." Perhaps he had been, like Bishop Sumner, "bear-leader" to a great man's son, and had won the gratitude of a powerful patron by extricating young hopeful from a matrimonial scrape. Perhaps, like Marsh or Van Mildert, he was a controversial pamphleteer who had tossed a Calvinist, or gored an Evangelical, or, perhaps, like Blomfield and Monk, he was a "Greek Play Bishop" who had annotated Æschylus, or composed a Sapphic ode on a royal marriage. Very few were the adducible instances in which, during the reigns of George III., George IV. and William IV., a bishop was appointed for evangelistic zeal or pastoral efficiency. But, on whatever principle chosen, the Bishop, once duly consecrated and enthroned, was a formidable person, and surrounded with a dignity scarcely less than royal. The tradition of mingled splendor and profit ran down in due degrees through all ranks of the hierarchy. The poorer bishoprics were commonly held in conjunction with a rich prebend and not seldom with some important living; so that the most impecunious successor of the Apostle could manage to have four horses to his carriage and his daily bottle of Madeira. Not so splendid as a palace, but quite as comfortable, was a first-class deanery. A "golden stall" at Durham or St. Paul's made its occupant a rich man. Even the rectors of the more opulent parishes contrived to "live," as the phrase went, "very much like gentlemen." The dignified country clergyman who combined private means with a rich living, did his county business in person and performed his religious duties by deputy, survived into very recent times. Mr. Russell remembers a specimen of this class who, when the neighboring parsons first tried to get up a periodical "clerical meeting" for the study of theology, responded genially to the suggestion: "Oh, yes, I think it sounds a capital thing, and I suppose we shall finish up with a rubber and a bit of supper." The reverence in which a rector of this type was held, and the difference not merely of degree but of kind which was supposed to separate him from the inferior order of curates, was exemplified in the case of an old friend of our author's. Returning to his parish after his autumn holiday and noticing a woman at her cottage door with her baby in her arms, he asked: "Has that child been baptized?" "Well, sir," replied the curtseying mother, "I shouldn't like to say as much as that; but your young man came and *did what he could.*"

III.

After a chapter on the process of social equalization, which, issuing from the French revolution, marked the close of the eighteenth century, Mr. Russell proceeds to inquire how far this levelling process was accompanied in England by social amelioration. It is certain that for amelioration there was room enough when the process began, for at no period of English history had aristocratic morals been at so low an ebb. Recalling Burke's saying that vice loses half its evil when it loses all its grossness, the author points out that in the English society of the last century grossness was as conspicuous as vice itself, and it infected not only the region of morals, but that of manners also. Sir Walter Scott has described how, in his youth, refined gentlewomen read aloud to their families the most startling passages of the most outrageous authors. Mr. Russell has been told by one who heard it from an eyewitness that a great Whig Duchess, who figures brilliantly in the social and political memoirs of the last century, turning to the footman who was waiting on her at dinner, exclaimed, "I wish to God that you wouldn't keep rubbing your great, greasy belly against the back of my chair." Men and women of the highest fashion swore like troopers; the Miss Berrys, who had been the correspondents of Horace Walpole, and who carried down to the fifties of our own age the most refined traditions of the social life of the last century, habitually "damned" the teakettle if it burned their fingers. The public conscience had not yet revolted against violence and brutality. In 1789 a woman was burned at the stake for coining. People still living have seen the skeletons of pirates and highwaymen hanging in chains. As late as 1820 the boys of Westminster School had a special holiday to enable them to see the dead bodies of the Cato street conspirators decapitated in front of Newgate. Debt was punished with what often was imprisonment for life. A woman died in the county jail at Exeter after forty-five years' incarceration for a debt of £19. The slave trade, though menaced, was still undisturbed. Under a system scarcely distinguishable from slavery, pauper children were bound over to the owners of factories and subjected to the utmost rigor of enforced labor. The treatment of the insane was darkened by incredible barbarity. As late as 1828 Lord Shaftesbury found that the lunatics in Bedlam were chained to their straw beds and left from Saturday to Monday without attendance, and with only bread and water within their reach, while the keepers were enjoying themselves. Discipline in workhouses and in schools was of the most brutal type. English prisons were unreformed. The penal code was inconceivably sanguinary and savage. In 1770 there were 160 capital offences on the statute book, and by the beginning of this century the number had greatly increased. To steal five shillings' worth of goods from a shop was punishable by death. A girl of 22 was hanged for receiving a piece of woollen stuff from the man who had stolen it. It was only about sixty years ago that personal cleanliness became fashionable in England and the means of attaining it were cultivated. The whole art or science of domestic sanitation belongs to this century—indeed, to the latter part of it. The system which went before it was too primitively abominable to bear elaborate description. Sir Robert Rawlinson, the sanitary expert who was called in to inspect Windsor Castle after the Prince Consort's death, reported that, within the Queen's reign, "cesspools full of putrid refuse and drains of the worst description existed beneath the basement. Twenty of these cesspools were removed from the upper wards and twenty-eight from the middle and lower wards. Means of ventilation by windows in Windsor Castle were very defective. Even in the royal apartments the upper portions of the windows were fixed. Lower casements alone could be opened, so that by far the largest amount of air spaces in the rooms contained vitiated air, comparatively stagnant." When this was the condition of royal palaces, one can imagine the state of things in humbler habitations.

IV.

In a chapter on clergymen we are told that verbal felicity was the marked feature of Canon Liddon's conversation. Commenting on a dark Christmas to a friend, he observed, "London is just now buried under a dense fog. This is commonly attributed to Dr. Westcott having opened his study window at Westminster." A saying of Dr. Jowett's, which the author had the advantage of hearing, does much to atone, in his judgment, for the snappish impertinences on which the Master of Balliol's reputation for wit has been generally based. The scene was the Master's own dining room, and the moment that the ladies left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Everybody sat dumfounded. The Master winced in annoyance and then, bending down the table toward the offender, said, in his shrillest tone, "Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing room?" and rose from his chair. Of the late Master of Trinity, Cambridge, Dr. Thompson, it was said, "He casteth forth his ice like morsels. Who is able to abide his frost?" The stories of his mordant wit are endless. At Seeley's inaugural lecture as professor of history—it will be remembered that Seeley succeeded Charles Kingsley in that chair—Thompson's only remark was: "Well, well. I did not think we could so soon have had occasion to regret poor Kingsley." To a gushing admirer who said that a certain popular preacher had so much taste: "Oh, yes; so very much, and all so very bad." His hit at the present Chief Secretary for Ireland when he was a junior fellow for Trinity is classical: "We are none of us infallible; not even the youngest of us." We are assured, however, that it requires an eyewitness of the scene to do justice to the exordium of the Master's sermon on the parable of the talents addressed in Trinity Chapel to what considers itself the cleverest congregation in the world: "It would be obviously superfluous in a congregation such as that which I now address to expatiate on the responsibility of those who have five, or even two, talents. I shall, therefore, confine my observations to the more ordinary case of those who have one talent."

In a chapter on repartee the opinion is propounded that the last generation excelled the present in the art of making a telling rejoinder. If this be true, it may be partly attributed to the greater freedom of an age when well-bred men and refined women spoke their minds with an uncompromising plainness which would now be voted intolerable. Beau Brummell, the prince of dandies, and the most insolent of men, was once asked by a lady if he would "take a cup of tea." "Thank you, ma'am," he replied, "I never *take* anything but physic." "I beg your pardon," replied the hostess, "you also take liberties." Lady W. R., an English woman, who had spent her life in diplomatic society abroad, and in old age held a salon in London, was talking during the Franco-German war of 1870 to the French Ambassador, who complained bitterly that England had not intervened on behalf of France. "But, after all," he said, "it was only what we might have expected. We always believed that you were a nation of shopkeepers, and now we know you are." "And we," replied Lady W. R., "always believed that you were a nation of soldiers, and now we know you are not." The author recalls another story of a famous lady who, early in this century, had inherited great wealth under a will which, to put it mildly, occasioned much surprise. She shared an opera box with a certain Lady D., who loved the winecup too well. One night Lady D. was visibly intoxicated at the opera and her friend told her that her partnership in the box must cease, as she could not appear again in company so disgraceful. "As you please," said Lady D. "I may have had a glass of wine too much; but, at any rate, I never forged my father's signature and then murdered the butler to prevent his telling it." Even among staid statesmen and scholars verbal encounters sometimes took a fiercely personal tone, especially when political passion was aroused. An instance is cited. Sir James Mackintosh, who had been a vehement apologist for the French revolution, fell later under the influence of Burke, and proclaimed unmeasured hostility to the revolution and its author. Having thus become a strenuous champion of law and order, he exclaimed one day that a certain Irish priest who had negotiated between the revolutionary parties in Ireland and France was the basest of mankind. "No, Mackintosh," replied the sound but pedantic old Whig, Dr. Parr, "he might have been much worse. He was an Irishman; he might have been a Scotsman. He was a priest; he might have been a lawyer. He was a rebel; he might have been a renegade." Lord Beaconsfield, it seems, was the last man who indulged in the severe forms of elaborate sarcasm. When the Greville memoirs came out some one asked Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, if he had read them. He replied: "No, I do not feel attracted to them. I knew the author and he was the most conceited person with whom I have ever been brought in contact, although I have read Cicero and known Bulwer-Lytton." In a lighter style was Lady Morley's comment on the decaying charms of her famous rival, Lady Jersey, of whom some gushing admirer had said that she looked so splendid going to court in her mourning array of black and diamonds that "it was like night." "Yes, my dear, but *minuit passé.*" A masculine analogue to this doubtful compliment is quoted from the table talk of Lord Granville, to whom the very bald Mr. Delane had been complaining of the difficulty of finding a suitable wedding present for a young lady of the house of Rothschild. "It would be absurd to give a Rothschild a costly gift. I should like to find something not intrinsically valuable, but interesting because it is rare." "Nothing easier, my dear fellow; send her a lock of your hair."

Oxford has always been a nursing mother of polished satirists. At dinner at Balliol the Master's guests were discussing the career of two Balliol men, one of whom had just been made a Judge and the other a Bishop. "Oh," said Henry Smith, professor of geometry, "I think the Bishop is the greater man. A Judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' but a Bishop can say, 'You be damned.'" "Yes," characteristically twittered the Master, "but if the Judge says, 'you be hanged,' you are hanged." The same Prof. Smith said of a well-known man of science: "His only fault is that he sometimes mistakes the editor of *Nature* for the author of nature." A great lawyer, who is now a great Judge, and has the very highest opinion of himself, stood, we are told, as a Liberal at the general election of 1880. His Tory opponent set on foot a rumor that he was an atheist, whereupon Henry Smith remarked: "Now that's really too bad, for —— is a man who does reluctantly acknowledge the existence of a Superior Being." Lord Bowen is immortalized by his emendation to the Judge's Address to the Queen, which had contained the Heep-like sentence: "Conscious as we are of our own unworthiness for the great office to which we have been called." "Wouldn't it be better to say," suggested Bowen, "Conscious as we are of one another's unworthiness?" Of a small sprig of aristocracy who was an undergraduate at Oxford in our author's time, it was said by a friend that he was like Euclid's definition of a point: "He had no parts and no magnitude, but had position."

V.

Of Irish bulls in Parliament Mr. Russell has only heard one, which, if his memory serves him, proceeded from Mr. T. Healy: "As long as the voice of Irish suffering is dumb the ear of English compassion is deaf to it." Another appeared in the columns of the *Irish Times*: "The key of the Irish difficulty is not to be found in the empty pocket of the landlord." Among tellers of Irish stories Lord Morris is pronounced supreme. One of his best depicts two Irish officials of the good old times discussing after dinner the principles on which they bestow their patronage. Said the first, "Well I don't mind admitting that, *ceteris paribus*, I prefer my own relations." "My dear boy," replied his boon companion, "*ceteris paribus* be damned." The late Lord Coleridge, it seems, was speaking in the House of Commons in support of women's rights. One of his main arguments was that there was no essential difference between the masculine and the feminine intellect. "For example," he said, "some of the most valuable qualities of what is called the judicial genius, sensibility, quickness, delicacy, are peculiarly feminine." In reply Sergeant Dowse said: "The argument of the honorable and learned member, compendiously stated, amounts to this: Because some Judges are old women therefore all old women are fit to be Judges." It will be remembered that Lord Chancellor Westbury had to resign his office under very melancholy circumstances. He had had in the House of Lords many severe passages at arms with Bishop Wilberforce. It so happened that when he was leaving the royal closet, after surrendering the Great Seal into the King's hands, Lord Westbury met the Bishop, who was going in to the Queen. It was a painful encounter, and in reminding the Bishop of the occurrence when next they met, Westbury said: "I felt inclined to say, 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?'" The Bishop in relating this used to say: "I never in my life was so tempted as to finish the quotation and to say, 'Yes, I have found thee, because thou hast sold thyself to work iniquity.' But, by a great effort, I kept it down, and said: 'Does your Lordship remember the end of the quotation?'" The Bishop, who could enjoy a laugh against himself, used to relate that he had once been effectually put down by a young clergyman whom he had rebuked for his addiction to fox hunting. The Bishop urged that it had a worldly appearance. The curate replied that it was not a bit more worldly than a ball at Blenheim Palace at which the Bishop had been present. The Bishop explained that he was staying at the house, but was never within three rooms of the dancing. "Oh, if it comes to that," rejoined the curate, "I never am within three fields of the hounds." Lord Beaconsfield made some happy hits in his electioneering contests. When, as a young, penniless, unknown coxcomb, he came forward to contest High Wycombe, against the dominating Whiggery of the Greys, some one in the crowd shouted: "We know all about Col. Grey, but, pray, what do you stand on?" "I stand on my head," was the prompt reply. In Aylesbury the Radical leader had been a man of notoriously profligate life; when Mr. Disraeli went thither to seek re-election as Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, this tribune of the people produced at the hustings a Radical manifesto which Mr. Disraeli had issued twenty years before. "What do you say to that, sir?" "I say that we all sow our wild oats, and no one knows the meaning of that phrase better than you, Mr. ——." Touching the permanent value of Lord Beaconsfield's political work, the author recalls what Count Münster related to him after the Congress of Berlin. It seems that Prince Bismarck said: "I think nothing of their Lord Salisbury. He is only a lath painted to look like iron. But that old Jew means business." A somewhat similar proof of discernment was given in Disraeli's youthful days, when he used to go about in a black velvet dresscoat lined with white satin, a waistcoat splendidly embroidered with gold flowers, with jewelled rings worn outside white gloves, and with an evening cane of ivory inlaid with gold, and adorned with a black silk tassel "We were none of us fools," said, at the time, one of the most brilliant diners out, "and each man talked his best; but we all agreed that the cleverest fellow in the party was the young Jew in the green velvet trousers." Even to the last, although he would sit for hours in moody silence, yet, when he opened his lips, it would be to utter an epigrammatic judgment on men or books which recalled the conversational triumphs of his prime. Skill in phrase-making was, perhaps, the literary gift which he most admired. In a conversation with Matthew Arnold shortly before his death, he said, with a touch of pathos: "You are a fortunate man. The young men read you; they no longer read me. And you have invented phrases which every one quotes, such as 'Philistinism' and 'sweetness and light.'" It is pronounced questionable whether cynicism or some related and more agreeable quality suggested Mr. Disraeli's reply to the rich manufacturer, newly arrived in the House of Commons, who complimented him on his novels in the following words: "I can't say I've read them myself. Novels are not in my line. But my daughters tell me they are uncommonly good." "Ah," said the leader of the House in his deepest note, "this, indeed, is fame." A remark identical with that here attributed to a British manufacturer was made many years before in Boston by Jeremiah Mason with regard to Ralph Waldo Emerson's lectures. One would say that Lord Beaconsfield's flattery was sometimes misplaced and overdone. He was staying, we are told, in a country house, where the whole party was Conservative, with the exception of one rather plain, elderly lady, who belonged to a great Whig family. The Tory leader was holding forth on politics to an admiring circle, when the Whig lady came into the room. Pausing in his conversation, Lord Beaconsfield exclaimed in his most histrionic manner: "But hush! We must not continue these Tory heresies until those pretty little ears have been covered up with those pretty little hands." That Lord Beaconsfield was instinctively a courtier is evident from the fact that he succeeded in converting the dislike with which he had been once regarded in the highest quarter into admiration and even affection by his elaborate and studied acquiescence in every claim, social or political, of royalty, and by his unflagging perseverance in the art of adulation. What, Mr. Russell asks, could be more skilful than the inclusion of "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," with his own "Coningsby" and "Sybil" in the phrase "We authors;" or than his grave declaration, "Your Majesty is the head of the literary profession;" or than his announcement at the dinner table at Windsor with reference to some disputed point of regal genealogy, "We are in the presence of probably the only person in Europe who could tell us"? Our author cites another instance of Lord Beaconsfield's courtier-like ways. Once, sitting at dinner by the Princess of Wales, he was trying to cut a hard dinner roll. The knife slipped and cut his finger, which the Princess, with natural grace, instantly wrapped up in her handkerchief. The old man gave a dramatic groan and exclaimed: "I asked for bread and they gave me a stone; but I had a princess to bind my wounds." In the last year of his life he told Matthew Arnold in a burst of confidence which showed how completely he realized that his fall from power was final: "You have heard me accused of being a flatterer. It is true. I am a flatterer. I have found it useful. Every one likes flattery, and when you come to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel." That the atmosphere of a court delighted him may be inferred from his habit of transferring the grandiose nomenclature of palaces to his own very modest domain of Hughenden. He called his simple drawing room the saloon and styled his pond the lake. When Lady Beaconsfield died he sent for his agent and said: "I desire that her ladyship's remains should be borne to the grave by the tenants of the estate." Presently the agent came back with a troubled countenance and said: "I regret to say that there are not tenants enough to carry a coffin."

VI.

In the days of his political struggles Disraeli was careful to flatter every one who came within his reach. There is a story that, when he was accosted by any one who claimed acquaintance, but whose face he had forgotten, he always used to inquire, in a tone of affectionate solicitude, "And how is the old complaint?" When he grew older, however, and had attained the highest object of his political ambition, these little arts were discarded, like the green velvet trousers and tasseled canes of his aspiring youth. He manifested less and less of the virtue that consists in enduring bores with equanimity. An instance of his intolerance of boredom in later life was unconsciously given not long ago by the author of a book of chit-chat. This person narrated, with artless candor, that toward the end of Lord Beaconsfield's second administration he had the honor of dining with the great man, whose political follower he was. When he arrived in Downing street he found his host looking ghastly ill, and apparently incapable of speech. The guest made some commonplace remark about the weather or the House, and the only reply was a dismal groan. A second remark was similarly received, and the visitor then abandoned the attempt in despair. "I felt he would not survive the night. Within a quarter of an hour, however, all being seated at dinner, I observed him talking to the Austrian Ambassador with extreme vivacity. During the whole of dinner their conversation was kept up. I saw no sign of flagging. *This is difficult to account for.*" Our author thinks that this freedom from self-knowledge is one of the most striking characteristics of bores. Another striking example of their self-complacency is recounted. A few years ago, on his return from his autumn holiday, a gentleman who is, by common consent, the greatest bore and button-holer in London, related to all his acquaintances at the club that he had been occupying a house at the lakes not far from Mr. Ruskin, who, he added, was in a very melancholy and alarming state. "I am truly sorry for that," said one of his hearers. "What is the matter with him?" "Well," replied the buttonholer, "I was walking one day in the lane which separated Ruskin's house from mine, and I saw him coming down the lane toward me. The moment he caught sight of me he darted into a wood and hid behind a tree till I passed. Oh, very sad, indeed." What seemed truly pathetic to the auditors was their consciousness that what Ruskin did they would have done, one and all. Apropos to the diffidence so humorously imputed to Ruskin on this occasion, our author points out that one of the forms which shyness takes in boyhood is an inability to get up and go. He remembers that when Dr. Vaughan was head master of Harrow, and had to entertain his boys at breakfast, this inability was met by the host in a characteristic fashion. After the muffins and sausages had been devoured and the perfunctory inquiries about the health of "your people" had been answered there used to ensue a horrid silence, while the doctor's "young friends" sat tightly glued to their chairs. Then the doctor would approach with catlike softness, and, extending his hand to the shyest and most loutish boy, would say: "Must you go? Can't you stay?" And the party broke up with magical celerity. It seems that the author once had this story, which he had looked upon as his own, rehearsed to him by a dissenting minister, who entirely missed the point. The minister was relating, with extreme satisfaction, that he had a son at Trinity College, Cambridge, and went on to praise the Master, Dr. Butler, whom he extolled to the skies, winding up his eulogy with, "He has such wonderful tact in dealing with shy undergraduates. You know," he continued, "that young men are sometimes a little awkward about making a move and going away when a party is over. Well, when Dr. Butler has undergraduates to breakfast, if they linger inconveniently long when he wants to be busy, he has a happy knack of getting rid of them. It is so tactful, so like him. He goes up to one of them and says, 'Can't you go? Must you stay?' and they are off immediately." Mr. Russell says that this dissenting minister had a congener in the late Lord P——, who was a rollicking man about town thirty years ago, and was famous for his faculty of so telling a story as to destroy the point. When the two large houses at Albert Gate, of which one is now the French embassy and the other the abode of Mr. Arthur Sassoon, were built, their size and cost were regarded as prohibitive, and some wag christened them "Malta and Gibraltar, because they can never be taken." Lord P—— thought that this must be an excellent joke because every one laughed at it, so he ran around town saying to every man he met: "I say, do you know what they call those houses at Albert Gate? They call them Malta and Gibraltar, because they can never be let. Isn't it awfully good?" He maltreated in a similar way the familiar riddle, "Why was the elephant the last animal to get into the ark?" To which, of course, the answer is, "Because he had to pack his trunk." Lord P——, having propounded the riddle, gave as the answer, "Because he had to pack his portmanteau," and was beyond measure astonished when his hearers did not join in his uproarious laughter.

VII.

In a chapter on verbal infelicities our author adduces a misquotation said to have been made not long ago by a very great Lord Mayor: "Se non è vero, è ben traviata." But, as Mr. Russell says, Latin is bad enough, and nobody has any business to quote Italian. He recalls a story which James Payn used to tell of a learned clergyman who quoted Greek at dinner. The lady who was sitting by Payn inquired in a whisper what one of these quotations meant. He gave her to understand with a well-assumed blush that it was scarcely fit for a lady to hear. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say"—— "Please don't ask any more," said Payn, pleadingly, "I really could not tell you." This reminds one of the expedient to which Silas Wegg had recourse when, on being pressed to explain the meaning of one of Gibbon's phrases, he rejoined severely that it was "unfit for the ear of Mrs. Boffin."

Among the things one would rather have said differently is cited the prayer ascribed to a dissenting minister, who, upon winding up a week's mission, said: "And if any spark of grace has been kindled by these exercises, oh, we pray Thee, water that spark." Dr. Liddon told our author of a Presbyterian minister who was called on at short notice to officiate at the parish church of Crathie in the presence of the Queen, and who, transported by this tremendous experience, burst forth into the following rhetorical supplication: "Grant that, as she grows to be an old woman, she may be made a new man; and that, in all righteous causes, she may go forth before her people like a he goat upon the mountains." Mr. Corney Grain, narrating his early experiences as a social entertainer, described to Mr. Russell an evening party given by the Dowager Duchess of S——, at which he was engaged to play and sing. Late in the evening the young Duke of S—— came in, and Mr. Grain heard his mother prompting him in an anxious undertone: "Pray, go and say something civil to Mr. Grain. You know he's quite a gentleman, not a common professional person." Thus instructed, the young Duke strolled up to the piano and said: "Good evening, Mr. Grain. I'm sorry I am so late and have missed your performance. But I was at Lady B——'s. We had a dancing dog there." Among other verbal infelicities here brought forward we cull the following: It seems that the married daughter of one of the most brilliant men of the Queen's reign has an only child. An amiable matron of her acquaintance, anxious to be thoroughly kind, said: "Oh, Mrs. W—— I hear that you have such a clever little boy." Mrs. W——, beaming with a mother's pride, said: "Well, yes, I think Roger is rather a sharp little fellow." "Yes," returned her friend, "how often one sees that—the talent skipping a generation." A stately old rector in Buckinghamshire, a younger son of a great family whom our author knew well in youth, had, we are told, a remarkably well appointed rectory, of which he was justly proud. To him an acquaintance, coming for the first time to call, exclaimed genially: "What a delightful rectory! Really, a stranger arriving in the village and not knowing who lived here would take it for a gentleman's house." One of the best known English novelists, the most sensitive and courteous of men, arriving very late at a dinner party, was overcome with confusion: "I am truly sorry to be so shockingly late." The kindly hostess, only meaning to assure him that he was not the last, emphatically replied: "Oh, Mr. ——, you can't come too late." Mr. Russell himself had an amusing experience not long ago when he was dining with one of the City Companies. On his right was another guest, a member of the Worshipful Company of Butchers. The two had a long and pleasant conversation on the state of trade and other topics relevant to Smithfield, when, in the midst of it, our author was suddenly called on to return thanks for the visitors. "The Chairman, in proposing the toast, was good enough to speak of my belongings and myself in far too flattering terms, to which I hope that I suitably responded. When I resumed my seat my butcher friend exclaimed with the most obvious sincerity: 'I declare, sir, I'm quite ashamed of myself. To think that I have been sitting alongside of a gentleman all the evening and never found it out.'"

Discussing the art of putting things, Mr Russell reminds us that dexterities of phrase sometimes recoil with dire effect upon their author. It appears that a popular clergyman of his acquaintance prides himself on never forgetting an inhabitant of his parish. He was stopped one day in the street by an aggrieved parishioner whom he did not know from Adam. Ready in resource, he produced his pocketbook, and, hastily jotting down a memorandum of the parishioner's grievance, said, with an insinuating smile, "It is so stupid of me, but I always forget how you spell your name." "J-o-n-e-s," was the gruff response; and the shepherd and the sheep went their several ways in mutual disgust. A still less successful attempt at an escape from a conversational difficulty was made by an East End curate, who specially cultivated the friendship of artisans. One day a carpenter arrived in his room, and, producing a photograph, said: "I brought you my boy's likeness, as you said you would like to have it." The curate answered rapturously: "How awfully good of you to remember! What a capital likeness! How is he?" The carpenter rejoined indignantly: "Why, sir, don't you remember, he's dead?" "Oh, yes," said the curate feebly. "Of course, I know that. I mean *how's the man who took the photograph?*" There is reason to believe that the art of putting things in a graceful way is carried nearest to perfection in the East. Here is an example: When Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India he had a "shikarry," or sporting servant, whose special duty was to attend the visitors at the vice-regal court on their shooting excursions. Returning one day from one of these expeditions, the shikarry encountered the Viceroy, who, full of courteous solicitude for his guest's enjoyment, asked: "Well, what sort of sport has Lord —— had?" "Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindu, "the young Sahib shot divinely. But God was very merciful to the birds." If we turn to the Occident, we find that the art of putting things flourishes better on Irish than on English soil. Our author says that he can never recall without rejoicing the mental picture of Archbishop Whately, in all the frigid pomp of political economy, waving off a Dublin beggar with: "Go away; go away. I never give to any one in the street," and receiving the instantaneous rejoinder: "Then where would your Reverence have me wait on you?" We really must bring our extracts from this delightful volume to an end, but we cannot help reproducing the following example of Irish readiness. It seems that a lady of our author's acquaintance, who was a proprietress of County Galway, is in the habit of receiving her own rent. One day, when a tenant farmer had pleaded long and unsuccessfully for an abatement, he exclaimed, as he handed over his money: "Well, my lady, all I can say is that if I had my time over again it's not a tenant farmer I'd be. I'd follow one of the learned professions." The proprietress replied that, even in the learned professions there were losses as well as gains, and perhaps he would have found professional life as precarious as farming. "Ah, my lady, how can that be, then," replied the son of St. Patrick. "If you're a lawyer—win or lose—you're paid. If you're a doctor—kill or cure—you're paid. If you're a priest—heaven or hell—you're paid." Who can imagine, asks Mr. Russell, an English farmer pleading his case for an abatement with this happy mixture of fun and satire. M. W. H.

Paternalism on the Continent of Europe.

It is with the conviction that populism would constitute, if successful, a fatal solvent of our institutions that Mr. HENRY GAULLIER has written an account of *The Paternal State in France and Germany* (Harpers). The author, an adopted citizen of the United States, who has been educated in French-speaking and German-speaking countries, has been made acquainted, by experience, with the results of paternalism, and he has undertaken to depict them in order that the American advocates of populistic measures may see whither their proposed innovation would conduct them. He has observed the recent tendency in parts of the United States to attribute much curative power to the Government in the treatment of social and political difficulties. He demonstrates in this volume that the suggested remedies for the conflict between the interests of individuals or corporations on the one hand and the interest of the community on the other are, in reality, not new, but very old. They have been tried and applied elsewhere in small doses, at first, during past centuries, then in increased and enormous quantities, till the European Continent has become more and more afflicted by their poisonous influence. The American populistic nostrum may bear a different label, and be of a different color and have a different taste; but, however palatable it may be made by national ingenuity, chemical analysis proves it to be simply a mild form of an old French and German remedy, the same old narcotic, in a word, destined to produce, first, partial and then total individual lethargy: a drug extensively advertised and used by all the Continental Governments of Europe on the plea of "national welfare." French and German civilization, with their omens of decay, are the practical results of the doctrine prescribing the interference of the State for the removal of all objectionable features in national development.

I.

In the introduction to this volume it is pointed out that the gulf which separates more and more every day the civilization of the English-speaking communities from the decaying polities of the European Continent takes its origin in the difference of attributes conferred by the people on the State; for, while the power transferred by the individuals to the State has been jealously restricted in all Anglo-Saxon communities, it has been continually increased on the European Continent. In France, for instance, if the manager of the governmental machine has been often dismissed and a new one appointed, the power conferred on him by the owners, the people, has hardly ever been altered. In fact, whenever an alteration has taken place, it has been not a restriction but an increase of authority which has been effected by the change, as when the State was authorized to abolish voluntary enlistment in the army and substitute for it universal and compulsory service. The author has been prompted, he tells us, to the preparation of these pages by a hope that a brief survey of the political history of the two principal nations of Continental Europe, which, in direct contradiction to Anglo-Saxon principles, have obstinately continued to invest their Government at all times with omnipotent and ideal functions, may awaken in the minds of Americans infected with populistic tendencies a suspicion that, after all, the State is not a divine entity having direct access to the shrine of wisdom; but that the State must, in the end, always turn out to be, practically, a number of more or less intelligent human beings sitting in public buildings, generally on upholstered chairs, surrounded by a crowd of their own appointees, all working for wages, generally from 9 or 10 o'clock till sundown; all liable, like other men, to be wise or foolish, honest or dishonest, conscientious or the reverse. The origin of all paternal Governments, whether monarchical, as in Prussia, centralistically republican, as in France, or federal republican, as in Switzerland, is the same; they were, and are, all established in order to remove troubles arising from individual abuses, and to promote the "welfare of the people." No "people" can get along without delegating power to a certain number of men, who then become the State, and, practically, wherever the delegated power is too great, wherever, under the pretence of protecting the interests of the people, the State is allowed free scope for interference with individual affairs, political and moral disasters ensue. This is the invariable outcome of the evidence collected from all historical records.

The conditions which regulate to-day all human activity on the continent of Europe need only to be set forth in detail to convince the American reader that they must be highly unfavorable to the development and expansion of the people. It is manifest at a glance that the State, with its military and bureaucratic machinery, has gradually absorbed all the people's energy. The individual man has been stunted by constant pressure from above. Trimmed down to a foreordained State pattern, he has lost the qualities which are indispensable in self-governing communities. To-day, hardly has the modern French "citizen" or the German "subject" opened his eyes on this world before the State appears, compelling the parents or the witnesses of his birth to have it registered by an official. This statute, enacted originally for purposes of philanthropy, would be unobjectionable if it had not soon degenerated into a regulation for recording that one more has been added to the herd of future taxpayers and soldiers. The life of the new citizen or subject does not really belong to him, but to the State, for, by another statute, he is taught that he should be ready at all times to sacrifice his life, not for his own interests or those of his family, but for the political ambition of the Government. As soon as a child's education begins at school the State interferes to stamp on the mind of its young slave another doctrine, namely, that without due recognition by the State all attempts at a liberal career will meet with insuperable obstacles. Unless he has a private income, a young man must gain a diploma from the State or starve. All colleges, universities, chemical and physical laboratories, astronomical observatories, public libraries, technical schools, hospitals, and scientific collections are owned and controlled by the State in all the countries of Continental Europe. All the employees, all the professors in such institutions are appointed and paid by the State, and are public officials under State supervision. The State, in a word, has "mind overseers," as well as "church overseers," and they alone determine whether a man is useful or worthless. Besides diplomas, titles, decorations and distinctions of all sorts, the State has other means to influence the national intelligence; nor is its absolute control of all institutions of learning the only power of governing minds which it possesses. It accustoms the people to trust only to a judgment of the State for the selection of private advisers or assistants. No man can manage to earn his bread in France and Germany in a liberal profession unless he has been publicly indorsed by the authorities. To merit alone, without such recognition, the people will not trust. Faith in the wisdom of the authorities is almost a religion among certain classes. Thus the French bourgeois will trust all his savings to the State and invest all his fortune in Government securities instead of private enterprises. This confiding disposition on his part allows the French State to borrow money at all times, and to increase its debt to a figure which could not be paid off with all the gold now circulating in the world—about six billion dollars—but at the same time it has created a habit of refraining from all enterprises not supported by the State. While the English lend their money with much profit in all parts of the world, the French invest very little, even in their own colonies. They never would have loaned lately so much money to Russia if the State had not proclaimed so loudly its political partnership with the Russian Government.

II.

Not only has the modern European State converted all able-bodied men into soldiers, but it has taken possession of them, body and soul, in many other ways. The citizen or subject cannot marry before the State has given him permission. In order to prevent young people from making a mistake it prescribes delays and requires the parents' consent up to a certain age. Should the man be an officer in the national army he is forbidden to marry unless the girl have a specified income or dowry in her own right, and she must prove the possession of the income before competent authorities. In Germany, the officers of a regiment, themselves acting as delegates of the State, must refuse their consent, if the girl's father makes his living by physical labor. Again, should a citizen or subject decide to sell or buy real estate, the ubiquitous State bureaucracy looms up at once; no such transfer is possible unless it is made before a notary at a heavy expense. The recording of the deed, if this were all, would be useful to the contracting parties. But the State has gradually made this service the excuse for imposing a heavy tax on all conveyances of land. The only reason it can give for exacting such a percentage is that it always needs money. When a citizen dies the State interferes once more; for, where an income tax exists, compelling the citizen to disclose every year an account of his fortune and of his income or earnings, the State may examine the assets of the deceased. In some parts of Switzerland, as in the canton of Vaud, there is a law allowing State functionaries to invade the house where a death has occurred, and to take an inventory not only of the dead man's money, but even of his furniture. The French bourgeois, however, notwithstanding his traditional submissiveness to State despotism, has never become reconciled to the encroachments on his privacy advocated by Continental demagogues, and he has hitherto sternly refused to allow any law to be passed levying an income tax. He objects to disclosing his private fortune to the State, and, though willing to pay a high price for the satisfaction of being governed, he does not like to see functionaries poking their noses into his account books. He knows, besides, what a premium on false declarations the State has established by an income tax in all countries where it is imposed.

Even when the citizen or subject is buried the State's control is not ended, for his estate cannot be divided as the owner may wish. The State assumes to know better than the individual how to divide fairly, and it imposes by law the mode of distribution among the children. Should the deceased have one child, he can dispose freely only of one-half of his fortune; if he has two children, he can dispose of but one-third; if he have three or more, he can dispose only of one-fourth. The law of testamentary distribution varies very little on the Continent. Of course, the State never helped the owner to save his money, except so far as it protected him from robbery; on the contrary, it levied the heaviest possible taxes on everything he owned, on his bread, his meat, his salt, on the oil burning in his lamp, on everything he consumed in order to live, on everything he inherited, and every sale of land he made; nevertheless, the State now claims the right to divide between his children anything that may have been left to him by the agents of the Government, on the plea that it can do this more equitably than a father. The pretext for the enactment of such laws is that the State owes a paternal duty to its subjects. In its anxiety, however, to correct, amend and improve individual activity, in its eagerness to prevent individual mistakes and foster family union, the paternal State has brought about the opposite result; for, being only a human bureaucratic affair, not a real representative of divine justice or wisdom on earth, it has been, necessarily, controlled and managed by an oligarchy of agents.

III.

Among other calamitous results of tutelary civil administration in France may be noted the following: the principle is there laid down that the component parts of the commonwealth, the individual, the village, the commune, the city, the department, are unfit to regulate county or departmental affairs, the State alone possessing the necessary intelligence. The Prefect and the sub-prefects are invested with a civil authority hardly equalled, in Catholic countries and within the spiritual sphere, by the authority of a Bishop. Both of these functionaries, the Prefect and the Bishop, are sent from above; the one is imposed by the State, the other by the Church. The French mind cannot understand self-government in politics any more than it could understand Protestantism of the Congregational form. At all times, under all régimes—and he has tried them all—the Frenchman feels that he must abdicate and delegate his rights of self-government to the State. The rural communes and departments must be governed by the central authority in Paris, which, for the welfare of the people, sends out its omnipotent agents, the prefects, intrusted with despotic administrative powers.

The doctrine of the French State, with its unavoidable bureaucrat consequences, is thus defined by Taine: "The State has made its statutes for an 'average Frenchman,' that is, for a fictitious citizen so restricted and reduced in size that nowhere can the statute fit real, living men. With its legislative pair of scissors it has, at one stroke, cut out, on one single pattern in the same cloth, thirty-six thousand copies of the same coat; and this same coat must now fit every commune, whatever its natural size may be. The coat is too small for a city, too large for a village; in both cases it is not appropriate, and is condemned beforehand as a misfit. But, as it was sent from Paris, we have had to put it on and live in it; and we have lived in it the best we could, having no better coat at hand. Hence for every one in particular very strange attitudes! And, for general appearance of the mass, such wonderful effects as neither the governors nor the governed have ever expected to see."

In the final chapter of the book, which deals specifically with "modern Germany," the author refers to the strange optical faculty peculiar to the German intellect, which causes the State to appear not as a horizontal commonwealth, as it does to Anglo-Saxon eyes, but rather as a vertical hierarchical ladder. On the top rung of this ladder is the King, who holds his power from above, as, indeed, does everybody on the ladder. The King receives it from God, vertically, so to speak, not from Parliament or the people, or from other points of the horizon. Under the King, on the next round of the ladder, are the great functionaries, those who are entitled, in Germany, to be called "Excellency," the Ministers and officers above the rank of Lieutenant-General, and such other dignitaries as hold their power directly from the King. On the third round of the ladder, counting always from the sky downward, come other functionaries. Then, step by step, you descend this bureaucratic ladder, till you get to the "low people," not much higher above ground than overgrown children. Every man has superiors standing above him, except the King, or Kaiser, the head of the State, who settles accounts only with God, and every man has "inferiors," whom he can order about and command, except the lowest class, the peasant, the artisan, the common man, whose functions in the State consist simply in being taught and governed, whose duties consist simply in prompt obedience as subject or soldier, and whose welfare is looked after by vertical authority. Under this class come the cattle.

Such is the German social system, not a horizontal commonwealth where every man contributes to the general cohesion and prosperity according to his natural weight, with central pivots, axes and wheels on which the political body turns, with well-defined spheres of action for these political pivots and wheels, but a vertical organization in which man's political and social activity consists in climbing on the ladder from one round to another. This is the German "ascent of life," or Bildung, the only kind of civilization which can be recognized as such by those who look through German spectacles.